

WORLD WEARY.

Mother! Your little boy comes home again
So lonely for the love of yesterday!
Cuddle me down in your dear arms as then,
For I am tired of play!

Kiss, kiss mine eyelids down all tenderly,
Just as of old, that so to me may seem
All this world-weariness which mocks at
me
Is but a dream—a dream!

Mother! I want to whisper in your ear
The same sweet prayer your own lips
taught to me
Long, long ago, for surely God will hear
A child so near to thee!

Mother! Your little boy has wandered far
A down the years—but still a little child,
I want to toddle back home where you are
And see you as you smiled

Upon me last, and dying, gave me to
The gentle Mother Nature's care and
keep.

I am so tired, dear, and I want you
To rock me back to sleep!
—Laurence Curran Hodgson, in St. Paul
Dispatch.

A Tar's Diplomacy

By J. C. PLUMMER

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THE schooner Emma Louise having discharged her cargo and taken on ballast for another coastwise trip, Mr. Cross, chief officer, temporarily free from the cares of office, leaned over the port rail, gazed at the sunlit harbor and chewed meditatively.

Capt. Snow, emerging from the cabin, gazed wistfully at his mate, and filling his pipe in a nervous and distraught manner, walked over and leaned beside him.

"I want your advice and your assistance, George," said the captain. "You're good at arrangin' things. You know Mrs. Bland?"

"The red-haired widow of Water street?" asked Mr. Cross.

"Golden hair, not red," corrected Capt. Snow. "Yes; she is the lady. I've been visitin' her for three years, and I want to sign charter papers with her for a life's voyage."

"I don't favor marryin'," put in Mr. Cross.

"I know you don't," replied the captain, "and from what you've told me, I don't blame you, but for that reason your experience is valuable. Some people don't know women."

"I do," said Mr. Cross, viciously. "All women ain't alike," urged the captain.

"In respect to makin' their husbands uncomfortable with fussin' all are alike in my eyes," retorted Mr. Cross, firmly.

Without contesting this pessimistic position, Capt. Snow hurried on: "I want your advice, George, about askin' her to consent."

"Haven't you asked her?" inquired Mr. Cross, with surprise.

"I haven't," admitted the captain. "I don't just see my way. I've a rival, George."

"Ah," said the mate. "A fellow named Brent has been visitin' her regular for the past two weeks, and he seems to draw a deal of water. He's one of those dressy chaps, somewhat younger than I am."

"I guess he is," remarked Mr. Cross, abstractedly.

Capt. Snow gazed resentfully at his head officer a moment, then smothering his wrath, continued: "I want to know how to shut the wind out of his sails?"

"Lick him," replied the mate, tersely.

"That wouldn't do. If I beat him up bad, she'd be sure to pity him, and that's next to lovin'."

"Let him batter you up, then," advised Mr. Cross.

But Capt. Snow objected to this plan and asked for some other idea. Mr. Cross spat out his quid, looked his commander in the face and said, with earnestness: "This calls for diplomacy."

"What sort of a rig is that?" inquired Capt. Snow.

"Diplomacy," said Mr. Cross, "is sailin' due north and makin' everybody think you are sailin' due south."

Capt. Snow opened his eyes. "Yes," continued the mate. "I can make this lady hoist her colors so we can tell just how she feels towards you, and she won't know what we are doin'."

Capt. Snow expressed a desire to hear the plan.

"Women," said Mr. Cross, "go crazy over bravery. In all the stories they fall in love with the fellow, what rescues them from a bull or a fire, no matter what sort of a lubber he is. My plan is this: You ask Mrs. Bland to tea on this schooner to-morrow evenin'. When we're all moored at the table I'll get Tommy, the cabin boy, to fall overboard. He can swim like a duck, and the weather's so warm he won't mind it. Then I'll call 'man overboard,' and you'll jump up and pile overboard."

"Who'll pile overboard?" interrupted the captain.

"You will," replied Mr. Cross, calmly. "You'll pile overboard and save the lad. When she sees you over in the river, if she loves you she'll squeal out for you to save yourself for her sake, if she don't, it's best you should know how she feels."

"It might work," muttered the captain.

"Might work—it will work," said Mr. Cross. "It can hear her now cryin' out for you not to get drowned."

Capt. Snow was plainly moved by this picture.

"Well," said he, "I don't mind tryin' it."

"All right," exclaimed the diplomatist. "I'll be handy with a line and if a man-eatin' shark is coming after you I'll jump over with my knife."

Capt. Snow looked searchingly at his mate, but that gentleman's face being unruffled, he sighed and went below.

The invitations to the feast, embracing Mrs. Bland and her married sister, were sent out, and on the appointed afternoon the two officers, both intensely uncomfortable in their best clothes, directed impatient glances up the wharf.

"Here she comes," announced the captain, in tones tremulous with nervousness.

"Who's that tall chap with her?" asked Mr. Cross.

"By crickey," exclaimed Capt. Snow, "that's Brent. That'll shiver our plans all to pieces."

"Not a bit of it," retorted the optimistic Mr. Cross. "Diplomacy isn't stopped by one Brent or a thousand."

The visitors being assisted on board, Mrs. Bland explained that, as her sister could not come, she had impressed Mr. Brent as an escort.

"Glad to see him," said the captain, mendaciously, and then the solemnity of introducing the visitors to Mr. Cross was performed, after which they all sat down to the table.

Tea, cold tongue, biscuits and cake were being partaken of and Mr. Cross came out most wonderfully as a conversationalist, when Tommy, in obedience to a wink from the mate, strolled forward with a most expansive grin on his freckled face.

Just as he reached the heel of the bowsprit he suddenly disappeared, and Mr. Cross, who had been watching him out of the corner of his eye, sprang to his feet and rushed forward, crying in a stentorian voice: "Man overboard!"

"Whereaway?" shouted the captain, springing to his feet and rushing amidships.

"On the port bow," yelled the mate, and Mrs. Bland and Mr. Brent, both pale with excitement, hurried towards the bow.

Capt. Snow threw off his coat and sprang on the rail. He intended grasping the rigging, but in his hurry his hand slipped and in a moment he was floundering in the water.

"Mercy on us," screamed Mrs. Bland; "he'll drown. Save him somebody."

"Works like a charm," muttered Mr. Cross, who, like a true scientist, was so absorbed in watching the result of his plan that he overlooked the plight of his commander, who was beating the water with his hands and sending forth intermittent mouthfuls of water and shouts for help.

"Won't somebody do something!" cried Mrs. Bland. "Mr. Brent, try save the captain; that other man seems turned to stone."

Thus adjured Mr. Brent seized a rope and hurled it recklessly in the direction of the floundering mariner. By a lucky chance, the end of the line struck Capt. Snow on the head, and he managed to grasp it. Then, with the assistance of the mate, who had awakened from his scientific trance, the captain was dragged on board.

"Run below and change your clothes," cried Mrs. Bland. "You'll catch your death of cold."

"At your age, too," put in Mr. Brent.

The captain scowled at Mr. Brent and hurled a most malevolent glance in the direction of Mr. Cross, then he hurried to the cabin, leaving a trail of moisture behind him.

When he disappeared down the ladder, Tommy climbed up the bobstay, where he had been squatting, and in a perfect spasm of grins, fled into the forecabin.

When Capt. Snow, in dry raiment, returned to the deck, he accepted congratulations in a melancholy manner, and drawing Mr. Brent to one side, whispered:

"I'm much obliged to you, you saved my life, for that lubber of a mate don't know enough to cast a line to a drowning man. I'm great on gratitude, and I give you the right o' way."

"Give me what?" asked the astonished Mr. Brent.

"Why," said the captain, "I take it we are both steerin' for the same port—Mrs. Bland. I now drop anchor in your favor."

"I don't egotically understand you, captain," said Mr. Brent.

"You are courting Mrs. Bland," replied the captain, "so am I. You saved my life. I retire from the race."

"Capt. Snow," said Mr. Brent, solemnly, "I have been married five years to Mrs. Bland's cousin. I was merely paying a few visits at her house while in the city."

"I have made a mistake in my observations," said the captain. "I beg your pardon, sir."

Mr. Brent chuckled. "I expect she helped you make the mistake," said he. "She's a bit of a flirt, and may be she wanted to hurry you on."

"Do you think so?" asked the captain, eagerly.

"She's down in the cabin now," replied Mr. Brent. "If I was you, I'd go down there and ask her."

"I'll do it," said the captain, and, pressing the hand of Mr. Brent with fervor he hurried into the cabin.

After a short lapse of time he reappeared with Mrs. Bland leaning bashfully on his arm.

"The launch takes place just two weeks from to-day," announced the captain, beaming with victory.

WHY THEY WERE MARRIED.

It Was a Matter of Money with Him and Matrimony Was His Only Recourse.

"Be mine!"

It was with a voice fraught with emotion that Algernon Fitz-Rafferty spoke these two words. He realized that his whole future life hung upon the answer, writes Elliott Flower, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

Henrietta de Toole was a beautiful girl with bright auburn hair, large, lustrous blue eyes and charming, gold-filled teeth. She came of a proud old French family and well knew that she must not be won too easily. Still she wished and intended to be won. They both wished to be one.

She looked at her lover passionately, leaped over him and was about to give him a shy, maidenly kiss when the house was violently shaken.

"Algernon! An earthquake!" she shrieked in terror.

"Hush, my darling," he said, soothingly; "it is only I."

She looked at him reproachfully a moment, then patted him playfully on the cheek.

"That is the third time to-night, Algy," she said. "You must not move your feet again."

"But, my own," he exclaimed, with passionate fervor, "answer me. Will you be mine?"

"This is so sudden," she murmured. (She had been expecting it for six months.) "You must give me time."

"Not a day; not an hour!" he cried. "Answer me. I will not—I cannot wait."

"Why so importunate?" she asked.

"I must be married at once—to-day," he said. "Listen! I have over \$300—"

"So much," she mused.

"My exemptions are a hundred," he continued, every word burning with love. "I have been sued. Hush! Not a word! Do not breathe. I will tell you the secret of my passionate, devoted love. A married man's exemptions are \$400. Be mine."

She threw herself into his arms.

"Algernon, I am yours. I now know that you love me truly."

COLLARLESS SHIRT WAISTS.

Comfort Takes Precedence and Warm Weather Will Dictate the Style.

New styles appear with the excessive heat which too often marks midsummer days. Comfort takes precedence over all other things; but the clever modistes have found a way to combine it with beauty. The result is the collarless blouse.

The fashion started last year, and has had widespread growth. As the thermometer mounts higher, collarless shirt waists will multiply in number and increase in beauty. In set, dotted and plain; lace, embroidery and the sheerest of summer fabrics, they will have a cool appearance in the hottest weather.

White is the dominant color, though embroidery in color is used with dainty effect.

Even the heavier linens are made in the collarless fashion. They are more durable and hold their shape better than the thinner materials. They are usually ornamented with hemstitching, drawn work, or embroidery.

A simple linen blouse is striped with bands of drawn work half an inch wide. These run three inches apart, up and down the waist, and around the arm on the sleeves. The sleeves are elbow length, each finished by a narrow shaped frill edged with the drawn work. A short round collar of solid drawn finishes the neck.

A similar waist was finished at the throat by a black satin string tie and a turnover collar of drawn work. This is a novel way of converting a stock shirt waist into a collarless one. The satin tie may be of any shade, and the turnover of lace or embroidery shows to good advantage over it.

The woman with a round, columnar throat can rejoice in these collarless waists, but for her who is less fortunate there are standing frills at the neck which are cool and becoming. There are also boned collars of openwork lace, or of ribbon or lace lattice work.

ABOUT MUSHROOMS.

They Must Be Known by Appearance and Place of Growth to Insure Safety.

There are many thousands of species of fungi. Among them are a few prolific species which contain a deadly poison, and which annually cause distressing deaths. There are also a few species which contain minor poisons; again, a few which can be eaten by the majority of persons, but that will affect others disagreeably. All of these species resemble the common field mushroom in one or more particulars, yet if ordinary care is taken to know the mushroom, there is not the slightest danger of mistaking any other species, either poisonous or edible, for it. The mushroom must be known by its appearance and by its place of growth, says Woman's Home Companion.

To find the mushroom (Agaricus campestris) at home one must visit a sodded pasture, grassy lane or well-manured lawn. Here the tumble-bug buries the seed in the ball containing its eggs, or pasturing kine tramp them into soil which favors their germination and the growth of the web-like vine from which the mushroom is produced. A mushroom is a fruit. Crops are often found in April, May and June, but it is late in August, September and well into the colder months that the main crop is produced.

Not the Foundation.

Ida—Yes, Charles Sapp boasts of belonging to the "upper crust."

May—He does? Well, it isn't always the upper crust that has the most dough. —Chicago Daily News.

GOVERNMENT BUYS AVIARY.

Secretary Wilson Secures Order Establishing Reservation for Rare Brown Pelicans.

Uncle Sam now has an aviary of his own where he is breeding brown pelicans, says the Washington Times. The reservation was acquired by the government several weeks ago, but nothing was said about it, as visitors were not wanted.

Pelican island, on the east coast of Florida, in Indian river, has long been the home of the brown pelican and has been overrun by hunters. It is the only place on the east coast where the birds breed in colonies, and as the slaughter almost equaled the increase there was danger of the species becoming extinct. So Secretary Wilson secured an order making it a government reservation, appointed a warden and gave him instructions that no one should be allowed to land on the island without an order from the secretary of agriculture.

After the birds leave the island they are protected by the game laws of Florida. The birds for years have been sought for their beautiful plumage for feminine decoration. The brown pelican is found only on the coast of Florida.

FIGHT WITH A LUNATIC.

Oldest Lighthouse-keeper in the United States Beats an Insane Man with Only a Poker.

Mrs. Nancy Rose, the oldest lighthouse keeper in the United States, is the heroine of a combat in the historic lighthouse at Stony Point, on the Hudson, in New York, in which she was pitted single-handed against a lunatic, recently. Armed only with a poker, the woman, who is 75 years old, and has attended the light half a century, bravely stood her ground and drove back her assailant.

The man who made the attack is an Italian. He climbed into the tower and, exclaiming that the light must be torn down, started to demolish things. Mrs. Rose seized a poker and belabored him over the head. He stood the rain of blows for a moment and then fled, locking the door as he went. The old lady sounded the fog bell and secured aid from the residents near by. The Italian was soon captured and locked-up.

HOW ROSTAND WORKS.

Much of the Famous French Author's Labors Would Be Lost But for His Wife.

Since he has been at Cambo France, Edward Rostand has written little. He dreams away his time under the divine blue sky, but there are moments when he has an inspiration and he jots it down impetuously. But it displeases him and he tears it up, scattering the papers on his study floor. Later Mrs. Rostand quietly picks up the fragments, glues them together and learns the words by heart.

Some hours or perhaps days afterward Rostand speaks of the lines he had jotted down and rashly torn up in a moment of pettish dissatisfaction. Then the wife recalls them to him word by word and he falls to his work again.

Oldest Tree in Paris Dead.

Parisians are mourning the death of their oldest tree, an elm in the courtyard of the deaf mute institute in the Rue St. Jacques, planted in 1600 by order of Sully. It had reached a height of 150 feet. It flourished through the rise and fall of monarchies, empires and republics. This year the appearance of leaves was awaited vainly. Its disappearance is regarded as the loss of an old friend.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Aug. 5.		
CATTLE—Common	\$2 75	@ 4 00
Heavy steers	4 90	@ 5 25
CALVES—Extra		@ 6 50
HOGS—Butchers	5 55	@ 5 60
Mixed packers	5 40	@ 5 50
SHEEP—Extra		@ 3 25
LAMBS—Extra	5 65	@ 5 75
FLOUR—Spring pat.	4 35	@ 4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 78 1/2
No. 3 winter		@ 77
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 53
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 35
RYE—No. 2	56	@ 57
HAY—Ch. timothy.		@ 17 50
PORK—Clear family.		@ 15 85
LARD—Steam		@ 7 00
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.		@ 12
Choice creamery		@ 20 1/2
APPLES—Fancy	2 00	@ 3 00
POTATOES—Per bbl	1 65	@ 1 75
TOBACCO—New	3 50	@ 9 00
Old	5 50	@ 13 00

Chicago.		
FLOUR—Winter pat.	3 75	@ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	78 1/2	@ 79 1/2
No. 3 spring	76	@ 80
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	51 1/2	@ 52 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	33 1/2	@ 35 1/2
RYE—No. 2	50 1/2	@ 51
PORK—Mess	13 50	@ 13 55
LARD—Steam	7 70	@ 7 75

New York.		
FLOUR—Win. str's.	3 50	@ 3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 84 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 58 3/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 38
RYE—Western		@ 58 1/2
PORK—Family		@ 17 50
LARD—Steam		@ 7 85

Baltimore.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 79 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 55 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 41
CATTLE—Steers	5 00	@ 5 25
HOGS—Western		@ 6 90

Louisville.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 79
CORN—No. 3 mixed.		@ 55
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 35
PORK—Mess		@ 14 50
LARD—Steam		@ 7 75

Indianapolis.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 76 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 51 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 31 1/2

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Pumpkin Seed—
Almonds—
Castor Oil—
Syrup—
Glycerine—
Sassafras—
Menthol—
Cinnamon—
Cloves—
Nutmeg—
Peppermint—
Eucalyptus—
Sage—
Thyme—
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